

130 THE
OLD, OLD, Very OLD MAN;

OR, THE

A G E and Long L I F E

O F

T H O M A S P A R R,

W H O

Was born at a Place call'd *Winnington*, in the Parish
of *Alberbury*, in the County of *Salop*, in the Reign
of King *Edward* the Fourth; and liv'd in the Reigns
of ten Kings and Queens; and now lyes interr'd in
Westminster-Abby.

To which is prefix'd,

An Account of his being brought up to *Court*, out of *Shrop-
shire*, in the Reign of King *Charles* the First, in the Year
1635; by the Earl of *Arundel* and *Surry*, Earl Marshal of
England; being then Aged One hundred fifty-two Years and
odd Months.

His Way of Living in so long a PILGRIMAGE, his MARRI-
AGES, &c.

Done from the EDITION Printed in his LIFE TIME.

Written by JOHN TAYLOR, the WATER-POET.

Dedicated to King CHARLES [the First.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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There is a large number of people in the
city who are in the habit of going to the
theater every night. The theater is a
very large and comfortable place. The
seats are very comfortable. The
stage is very large and the
lighting is very good. The
music is very good. The
acting is very good. The
play is very good. The
theater is a very good place to go to.

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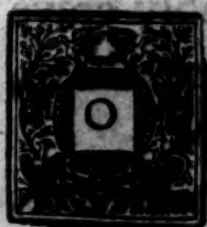
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TO THE
HIGH and MIGHTY
P R I N C E
C H A R L E S,

By the GRACE of G O D,
K I N G of *Great-Britain, France and
Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c.



F Subjects (my dread Liege) 'tis
manifest

You have the old'st, the greatest,
and the least,

That for an old, a great and little Man,
No Kingdom (sure) compare with *Britain* can;
One for his extraordinary Stature
Guards well your Gates, and by Instinct of
Nature

(As he is strong) is loyal true and just,
Fit and most able for his Charge and Trust;
The other's small and well compos'd Feature,
Deserves the Title of a pretty Creature,
And doth, or may retain as good a Mind
As greater Men, and be as well inclin'd:
He may be great in Spirit, though small in Sight,
Whilst all his best of Service is Delight;
The old'st, your Subject is but for my Use,
I make him here the Subject of my Muse;
And as his aged Person gain'd the Grace,
That where his Sovereign was to be in Place,
And kiss your Royal Hand; I humbly crave
His Life's Description may Acceptance have,
And as your Majesty has oft before
Look'd on my Poems, pray read this once more.

Your Majesty's most humble

Subject and Servant

JOHN TAYLOR.



(17)

THE
OCCASION
OF THE
OLD MAN'S

Being brought up to LONDON,

OUT OF

SHROPSHIRE.

AS it is impossible for the Sun to be without Light, or Fire to have no Heat, so is it undeniably true, Honour is as inseparably addicted to Virtue, as the Steel to the Load-stone; and without great Violence, neither the one nor the other can be sundred: Which manifestly appears in the conveying out of the Country of this poor old Man, (Monument, I say almost, Miracle of Nature). For the Right Honourable Thomas Earl of Arundel and Surry, Earl Marshal of England, &c. being lately in Shropshire, to visit some Lands and Manors which his Lordship holds in that Country, or for some other Occasions of

of Importance, which caused his Lordship to be there: The Report of this aged Man was signified to his Honour, who hearing of so remarkable a Piece of Antiquity, his Lordship was pleased to see him; and in his inated noble and Christian Piety, he took him into his charitable Tuition and Protection, commanding that a Litter and two Horses (for the more easy Carriage of a Man so feeble, and worn with Age) to be provided for him; also that a Daughter of his named Lucy, should likewise attend him, and have a Horse for her own riding with him: And to chear up the old Man, and make him merry, there was an antiqu'd-fac'd Fellow, with a high and mighty no Beard, that had also a Horse for his Carriage. These were all to be brought out of the Country to London, by easy Journeys, the Charge being allow'd by his Lordship; likewise one of his Lordship's own Servants, named Bryan Kelly, to ride on Horseback with them, and to attend and defray all Manner of Reckonings and Expences. All which was done accordingly, as follows.

Winnington is a Parish of Alberbury, near a Place call'd the Welch-pool, eight Miles from Shrewsbury; from whence he was carried to Wem, a Town of the Earl's aforesaid; and the next Day to Shifnall, a Manor-House of his Lordships, where they likewise stay'd one Night; from Shifnall they came to Woolverhampton, and the next Day to Birmingham, from thence to Coventry. Although Master Kelly, had much

to do to keep the People off that pressed upon him, in all Places where he came; yet at Coventry he was most oppress'd, for they came in such Multitudes to see the old Man, that those that defended him were almost quite tir'd and spent, and the aged Man in danger of being stifled; and in a Word, the Rabble were so unruly, that Brian was in doubt he should bring his Charge no farther; so greedy are the Vulgar to hearken to or gaze after Novelties.

The Trouble being over, the next Day they passed to Daintree, to Stony Stratford, to Radburne, and so to London; where he was well entertain'd and accommodated with all Things, having all the aforesaid Attendance, at the sole Charge and Cost of his Lordship.

One remarkable Passage of the Old Man's must not be forgot, which is thus: His Lease of sixty-three Years being expir'd, he took his last Lease of his Landlord, one Master Porter, for his Life, with which Lease he liv'd more than fifty Years, as is further hereafter declar'd; but the Old Man would for his Wife's sake renew his Lease for Years, which his Landlord would not consent unto: Wherefore old PARR having been long Blind, sitting in his Chair by the Fire, his Wife look'd out of the Window, and perceived Edward Porter, the Son of his Landlord, to come towards their House, which she told her Husband; saying, Husband our Landlord is coming
hither;

hither; is he so, said old PARR; I prithee Wife lay a Pin on the Ground near my Foot, or at my right Toe, which she did; and when young Master Porter, yet forty Years old, was come into the House, after Salutations between them, the old Man said, Wife is not that a Pin on the Ground near my Foot? Truly Husband quoth she, it is a Pin indeed; so she took up the Pin, and Master Porter was half in amaze that the old Man had recovered his Sight again. But it was quickly found out to be a witty Conceit, thereby to have them suppose him to be more lively than he was, because he hop'd to have his Lease renew'd for his Wife's sake, as aforesaid. He hath had two Children by his first Wife, a Son and a Daughter; the Boy's Name was John, and liv'd but ten Weeks; the Girl was named Jean, and she liv'd but three Weeks: So that it appears he hath outliv'd the most part of the People that are living near there, three times over.



Very OLD MAN;

OR, THE

LIFE

OF

THOMAS PARR.



N old Man's twice a Child, the Proverb says,
And many old Men ne'er saw half his Days
Of whom I write; for he at first had Life
When York and Lancaster's domestick Strife,
In her own Blood had factious England drench'd,
Until sweet Peace those civil Flames had quench'd.

B

When

When as fourth *Edward's* Reign to End drew nigh,
 (JOHN PARR) a Man that liv'd by Husbandry
 Begot this THOMAS PARR, and born was he
 The Year of fourteen hundred eighty three;
 And as his Fathers Living and his Trade
 Was Plough and Cart, Scythe, Sickle, Bill and Spade,
 The Harrow, Mattock, Playl, Rake, Fork and Goad,
 And Whip, and how to load and to unload,
 Old TOM hath shew'd himself the Son of JOHN,
 And from his Father's Function hath not gone.

A DIGRESSION.

YET I have read of as mean Pedigrees
 That have attain'd to noble Dignities;
Agathocles, a Potter's Son, and yet
 The Kingdom of *Sicillia* he did get;
Great Tamerlane, a *Scythian* Shepherd was,
 Yet in his Time all Princes did surpass;
 First *Ptolemy*, the King of *Egypt's* Land,
 A poor Man's Son of *Alexander's* Band;
Dioalesian Emperor, was a Scrivener's Son,
 And *Proba* from a Gardner, the Empire won;
Pertinax was a Bondsman's Son, and wan
 The Empire, so did *Valentinian*,

Who

Who was the Offspring of a Rope-maker,
And *Maximinus* of a Mule-driver;
And if I on the Truth do rightly Glance,
Hugh Capel was a Butcher (King of France)
By this I have digrest, I have exprest,
Promotion comes not from the East nor West.

To the MATTER.

SO much for that; now to my Theme again;
This THOMAS PARR has liv'd th' expir'd Reign
Of ten great Kings and Queens, th' eleventh now sways
The Scepter, blest by th' ancient of all Days;
He hath surviv'd the *Edwards* fourth and fifth,
And the third *Richard*, who made many a Shift
To place the Crown on his ambitious Head;
The seventh and eighth brave *Henry's* both are dead,
Sixth *Edward*, *Mary*, *Philip*, *Elizabeth*,
And blest remember'd *James*; all these by Death
Have changed 'Life, and almost 'leven Years since,
The happy Reign of *Charles*, our gracious Prince.
TOM PARR hath liv'd as by Record appears,
Nine Months one hundred fifty and two Years;
Amongst the learn'd 'tis held in general
That ev'ry seventh Year's Climacterical,

Are dangerous to Man's Life, and that they be
 Most perillous at the Age of sixty three,
 Which is nine Climactericals; but this Man
 Of whom I write, since first his Life began,
 Hath liv'd of Climactericals such plenty,
 That he hath almost outliv'd two and twenty;
 For by Records and true Certificate
 From *Shropshire*, late Relations doth relate,
 That he seventeen Years with *John* his Father,
 And eighteen with a Master, which I gather
 To be full thirty five; his Sire's decease,
 Left him four Years Possession of a Lease,
 Which part, *Lewis Porter*, Gentleman, did then
 For twenty one Years grant his Lease again;
 That Lease expir'd, the Son of *Lewis*, call'd *John*,
 Let him the like Lease; and that Time being gone,
 Then *Hugh*, the Son of *John* last nam'd before,
 For one and twenty Years, let one Lease more;
 And lastly, he hath held from *John*, *Hugh's* Son,
 A Lease for Life, these fifty Years out-run,
 And till old *THOMAS PARR* to Earth again
 Return. The last Lease must his own remain.
 Thus having shewn th' Extension of his Age,
 I'll shew some Actions of his Pilgrimage.

His

His MARRIAGE.

A Tedious Time a Batchelor he tarry'd;
 Full eighty Years of Age before he marry'd;
 His Continnence to question I'll not call,
 Man's Frailty's weak, and oft doth slip and fall;
 No doubt but he in fourscore Years might find
 In *Salop's* County, Females fair and kind;
 But what have I to do with that let pass,
 At Age aforesaid he first marry'd was,
 To *Jane*, *John Taylor's* Daughter, and 'tis said
 That she before he had her was a Maid:
 With her he liv'd Years three times ten and two,
 And then she dy'd, as all good Wives will do,
 She dead, he ten Years did a Widower stay,
 Then once more ventur'd in the Wedlock way;
 And in Affection to his first Wife *Jane*,
 He took another of that Name again,
 With whom he now doth live: She was a Widow
 To one nam'd *Anthony*, and surnam'd *Adda*:
 She was as by report it doth appear
 Of *Gilsel's* Parish, in *Montgomeryshire*,
 The Daughter of *John Lloyd*, corruptly Flood,
 Of ancient House, and gentle *Cambrian* Blood,

DIGRESSION.

BUT hold, I have forgot, In's first Wife's time,
 He frailly foully fell into a Crime,
 Which richer, poorer, older Men and younger,
 More base, more noble, weaker Men and stronger,
 Have fall'n into.
 The *Cythrean* or the *Paphian* Game,
 That thund'ring *Jupiter* did oft inflame,
 Most cruel Cut-Throat *Mars* laid by his Arms,
 And was a Slave to Love's enchanting Charms,
 And many a *Pagan* God and *Demi* God,
 The common Road to lustful Love hath trod;
 For from the Emperor to the Ruffet Clown,
 All States, each Sex, from Cottage to the Crown,
 Have in all Ages, since the first Creation,
 Been foil'd and overthrown with Love's Temptation;
 So was old *THOMAS*, for he chanc'd to spy
 A Beauty, and Love enter'd at his Eye,
 Whose powerful Motion drew on sweet Consent,
 Consent drew Action, Action drew Content;
 But when the Period of those Joys were past,
 Those sweet Delights were sowly sauced at last,
 And one Colt's Tooth was then in old *TOM*'s Head:

It

It may be he was gull'd, as some have been,
 And suffer'd Punishment for other's Sin;
 For Pleasure like a Trap, a Gin, a Snare;
 Or like a painted Harlot seems most fair,
 But when she goes her way and takes her leave,
 No ugly Beast so foul a Shape can give;
 Fair *Catherine Milton* was this Beauty bright,
 Fair like an Angel, but in Weight too light,
 Whose fervent Feature did inflame so far
 The ardent Favours of old THOMAS PARR,
 That for Law's Satisfaction 'twas thought meet
 He should be purg'd, by standing in a Sheet,
 Which aged he one hundred and five Year,
 In *Alberbury* Parish Church did wear.
 Should all that so offend such Pennance do,
 O! what a Price would Linnen rise unto;
 All would be turn'd to Sheets, our Shirts and Smocks,
 Our Table Linnen, very Porter's Frocks,
 Wou'd hardly scape transforming; but all's one,
 He suffer'd, and his Punishment is done.

Another PASSAGE of his LIFE.

BUT to proceed more serious in relation,
 He is a Wonder worthy Admiration;
 He's in these Times fill'd with Iniquity;
 No Antiquary, but Antiquity;
 For his Longevity's of such Extent,
 That he's a living mortal Monument;
 And as high Towers that seem the Sky to shoulder,
 By eating Time, consume away and moulder,
 Untill at last in Piece-meal they do fall,
 Till they are bury'd in their Ruins all;
 So this old Man, his Limbs their Strength have left,
 His Teeth all gone but one, his Sight bereft;
 His Sinews shrunk, his Blood most Chill and Cold,
 Small Sollace, Imperfections manyfold;
 Yet still his Spirits possess his mortal Trunk,
 Nor are his Senses in his Ruins shrunk,
 But that his Hearing's quick, his Stomach good,
 He'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his Food;
 He will speak heartily, laugh and be merry,
 Drink ale, and now and then a Cup of Sherry;
 Love company, and understanding talk,
 And on both Sides held up, will sometimes walk;

And

And though old Age his Face with Wrinkles fill,
 He hath been handsome, and is comely still;
 Well fac'd, and though his Beard not oft corrected,
 Yet neat it grows, not like a Beard neglected;
 From Head to Heel, his Body hath all over
 A thickset, quickset, natural hairy Cover:
 And thus, as my dull weak Invention can,
 I have anatomiz'd this poor old Man.
 Though Age be incident to most transgressing,
 Yet Time well spent makes Age to be a Blessing;
 And if our Studies would but deign to look
 And seriously to ponder Nature's Book,
 We there may read that Man, the noblest Creature,
 By Riot and Excess doth murder Nature:
 He never fed on dear compounded Dishes,
 Of metamorphos'd Beasts, Fruits, Fowls and Fishes;
 The Earth, the Air, the boundless Ocean
 Were never rack'd or forag'd for this Man;
 Nor ever did Physician to his Cost
 Send purging Physick through his Guts in Post.
 In all his Life-time he was never known,
 That drinking others Health he lost his own.
 The *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Greek* and *Spanish* Grape
 Upon his Reason, never made a Rape;

For Riot is for *Troy* an Anagram,
 And Riot wasted *Troy* with Sword and Flame;
 And surely that which will a Kingdom kill
 Hath much more Power, one silly Man to kill:
 Whilst Sensuality the Palate pleases,
 The Body's fill'd with Surfeits and Diseases:
 By Riots more than War Men slaughter'd be,
 From which Confusion this old Man is free.
 He once was catch'd in the venereal Sin,
 And being punish'd, did Experience win,
 That careful Fear, his Conscience so did strike,
 He never would again attempt the like,
 Which, to our Understanding may express,
 Man's Days are shortned through Lasciviousness,
 And that a competent contenting Dyet
 Makes Men live long, and soundly Sleep in quiet.
 Mistake me not, I mean not to debar
 Good Fare of all sorts, for all Creatures are
 Made for Man's Use, and may by Man be us'd,
 Not by voracious Gluttony abus'd;
 For he that dares to scandal or deprave
 Good Housekeeping, O! hang up such a Knave;
 Rather commend what is not to be found
 Than injure that which makes the World renown'd.

Bounty

Bounty hath got a Spice of Lethargy,
 And liberal noble Hospitality
 Lies in Consumption, almost pin'd to Death,
 And Charity benum'd, near out of Breath;
 May *England's* few good Housekeeper's be blest
 With endless Glory and Eternal rest;
 And may their Goods, Lands, and their happy Seed,
 With Heaven's best Blessings multiply and Breed.
 'Tis Madness to build high with Stone and Lime
 Great Houses that may seem the Sky to climb,
 With spacious Halls, large Galleries and Rooms,
 Fit to receive a King, Peers, Squires and Grooms;
 Amongst which Rooms the Devil hath put a Witch in,
 And made a small Tobacco-box the Kitchen;
 For Covetousness the Mint of Mischief is,
 And Christian Bounty the high way to Bliss;
 To wear a Farm with Shoe-strings edg'd with Gold,
 And spangled Garters, worth a Copyhold,
 A Hose and Doublet which a Lordship cost,
 A gaudy Cloak, three Manors Price almost,
 A Beaver, Band and Feather, for the Head,
 Priz'd at the Church's Tythe, the poor Man's Bread;
 For which the Wearers are fear'd and abhor'd.
 Like *Jeroboam's* Golden Calves ador'd:

This double, treble aged Man I wor,
 Knows and remembers when these things were not;
 Down with the Lamb, and with the Lark would rise:
 In mire and toiling Sweat he spent the Day,
 And to his Team he wistled Time away;
 The Cock his Night-Clock, and till Day was done
 His Watch and chief Sun-dial was the Sun;
 He was of old *Pythagoras's* Opinion,
 That Green Cheese was most wholesome with an Onion,
 Coarse Mellin Bread, and for his daily Swigg,
 Milk, Butter-milk and Water, Whey and Whigg;
 Sometimes Metheglin and by Fortune happy,
 He sometimes supp'd a Cup of Ale most nappy;
 Syder or Perry when he did repair
 T' a Whitson Ale, Wake, Wedding, or a Fair;
 Or when in Christmas Time, he was a Guest
 At his good Landlord's House amongst the rest;
 Else he had little Leisure Time to waste,
 Or at the Alehouse Huff-Cap Ale to taste;
 Nor did he ever hunt a Tavern Fox,
 Ne'er knew a Coach, Tobacco, or the Pox;
 His Physick was good Butter, which the Soil
 Of *Salop* yields more sweet than Candy Oil,
 And Garlick he esteem'd above the Rate
 Of Venice Treacle, or best Mithridate:

He

He entertain'd no Gout, no Ach he felt,
 The Air was good and temperate where he dwelt;
 Whilst Mavisses and sweet tongu'd Nightingales
 Did chant him Roundelays and Madrigals.
 Thus living within Bounds of Nature's Laws,
 Of his long lasting Days may be some cause,
 For though th' Almighty all Man's Days do measure,
 And doth dispose of Life and Death at Pleasure,
 Yet Nature being wrong'd, Man's Days and Date
 May be Abridg'd, and God may tolerate:
 But had the Father of this THOMAS PARR,
 His Grandfather, and his great Grandfather,
 Had their Life's Thread so long a Thread been spun,
 Then by Succession, might from Sire to Son
 Have been unwritten Chronicles, and by
 Tradition, shewn Times mutability;
 Then PARR might say, he heard his Father well
 Say, that his Grandfire heard his Father tell
 The Death of famous Edward the Confessor,
 Harrold and William Conqueror his Successor,
 How his Son Robert won Jerusalem,
 O'ercame the Saracens and conquer'd them;
 How Rufus reign'd, and's Brother Henry next,
 And how usurping Steven this Kingdom vext;

How

The

How *Maud* the Empress the first *Henry's* Daughter,
 To gain her Right, fill'd *England* full of Slaughter;
 Of second *Henry's* *Rosamond* the fair
 Of *Richard Cœur de Lyon*, his brave Heir
 King *John*, and of the foul Suspicion
 Of *Arthur's* Death, *John's* elder Brother's Son;
 Of the third *Henry's* long Reign, sixty Years;
 The Baron's Wars, the Loss of wrangling Peers;
 How long Shanks did the *Scotch* and *French* convince,
 Tam'd *Wales*, and made his hapless Son their Prince;
 How second *Edward* was *Carpacoon* call'd,
 Beaten by *Scots*, and by his Queen enthrall'd;
 How the third *Edward* fifty Years did reign,
 And th' honour'd Garter's Order did ordain;
 Next, how the second *Richard* liv'd and dy'd,
 And fourth *Henry's* Faction did divide
 The Realm, with civil (most uncivil War);
 How the fifth *Henry* sway'd, and how his Son
 Sixth *Henry* a sad Pilgrimage did run;
 Then of fourth *Edward* and fair Mistress *Shore*,
 King *Edward's* Concubine, Lord *Hasting's* W-
 Then how fifth *Edward* murder'd, with a Trick
 Of the third *Richard*, and then how that *Dick*
 Was by seventh *Henry* slain, at *Bosworth Field*;
 How he and's Son th' eight *Henry*, here did wield

The

The Sceptre; how sixth *Edward* sway'd;
 How *Henry* rul'd, and how that Royal Maid
Elizabeth did govern, best of Dames;
 And *Phoenix* like expir'd; and how just *James*
 Another *Phoenix*, from her Ashes claims
 The Right of *Britain's* Sceptre as his own,
 But changing for a better, left the Crown;
 Where now 'tis with King *Charles*, and may it be
 With him and his most blest Posterity,
 Till Time shall end; be they on Earth renown'd,
 And after with Eternity be crown'd.
 Thus had *PARR* his good Breeding, without reading,
 He from his Sires and Grandfires Sire proceeding,
 By word of Mouth might tell most famous Things,
 Done in the Reigns of all those Queens and Kings;
 But he in Husbandry hath been brought up,
 And ne'er did taste the *Heleconian* Cup;
 He ne'er knew History, nor in Mind did keep
 Ought but the Price of Corn, Hay, Kine or Sheep;
 Day found him Work, and Night allow'd him rest,
 Nor did Affairs of State his Brains molest;
 His high'st Ambition was a Tree to lop,
 Or at the furthest, to a Maypole's Top:
 His Recreation and his Mirth's Discourse,
 Hath been the Piper, and the Hobby Horse;

And

And in this simple Sort he hath with Pain
 From Childhood liv'd, to be a Child again.
 'Tis strange, a Man that is in Years so grown
 Should not be rich; but to the World 'tis known,
 That he that's born in any Land or Nation,
 Under a Twelve-pence Planet Dispensation,
 (By working of that Planets Influence,)
 Shall never live to be worth Thirteen pence;
 Whereby, although his Learning cannot shew it,
 He's rich enough, like me, to be a Poet:
 But e'er I do conclude, I will relate
 Of Reverend Ages, honourable State,
 Where shall a young Man good Instruction have
 But from the ancient, from Experience grave;
Roboam, Son and Heir to *Solomon*,
 Rejecting ancient Council was undone
 Almost, for Ten or twelve Tribes fell
 To *Jeroboam*, King of *Israel*;
 And all wise Princes and great Potentates,
 Select and chuse old Men, as Magistrates,
 Whose Wisdom and whose Reverend Aspect,
 Knows how and when to punish, or protect.
 The Patriachs long Lives before the Flood,
 Were given them 'tis rightly understood,

To

To store and multiply by Procreations,
 That People should inhabit and breed Nations;
 That th' Ancient's their Posterity's might show,
 The Secrets deep of Nature how to know;
 To scale the World with learn'd Astronomy
 And sound the Ocean's deep Profundity;
 But chiefly how to serve and to obey,
 God, who made them out of Slime and Clay;
 Should Men live now as long as they did then,
 The Earth should not sustain the Breed of Men:
 Each Man had many Wives, which Bigamy
 Was such Increase to their Posterity,
 That one old Man might see before he dy'd,
 That his own only Offspring had supply'd
 And peopled Kingdoms.
 But now so brittle the Estate of Man,
 That in Comparison, his Life's a Span:
 Yet since the Flood it may be proved plain,
 That many did a longer Life retain,
 Than him I write of; for *Arpachshad* liv'd
 Four hundred thirty eight, and *Shelah* surviv'd
 Four hundred thirty three Years, *Eber* more,
 For he liv'd twice two hundred sixty four,
 Two hundred Years *Terah* was alive,
 And *Abraham* liv'd one hundred seventy five;

Before *Job's* Troubles holy Writ relates
 His Sons and Daughters were at Marriage states,
 And after his restoring 'tis most clear
 That he surviv'd one hundred forty Year,
John Buttadeus, if Report say true,
 Is his Name, that is still'd the wand'ring Jew;
 'Tis said he saw our Saviour dye, and how
 He was a Man then, and is living now,
 Whereof Relations you that will may read,
 But pardon me, 'tis no Part of my Creed.
 Upon a *German's* Age, 'tis written thus,
 That one *Johannes de Temporibus*,
 Was Armour Bearer to brave *Charlemaign*,
 And that unto the Age he did attain
 Of Years three hundred sixty one, and then
 Old *John* of Times, return'd to Earth again;
 And noble *Nestor*, at the Siege of *Troy*,
 Had liv'd three hundred Years, both Man and Boy;
 Sir *Walter Raleigh*, a most learned Knight,
 Doth of an *Irish* Countess *Desmond* write,
 Of sevenscore Years of Age, he with her spake,
 The Lord St. *Albani* doth more mention make,
 That she was married in fourth *Edward's* Reign;
 Thrice shed her Teeth, which three Times came again.

The

The Highland *Scotch*, and the wild *Irish*, are now I see
 Long-liv'd with Labour, hard and temperate Fare;
 Amongst the barbarous *Indians*, some live strong
 And lusty, near two hundred Winter's long;
 So as I said before, my Verse now says,
 By wronging Nature, Men cut off their Days;
 Therefore as Times are, he I now write on,
 The Age of all in *Britain* hath out-gone;
 All those that were alive when he had Birth,
 Are turn'd again unto their Mother Earth;
 If any of them live and do reply,
 I will be sorry, and confess I lie;
 For had he been a Merchant, then perhaps
 Storms, Thunderbolts, or fear of After-claps,
 Sands, Rocks, and roving Gusts and Storms,
 Had made him long e'er this the Food of Worms;
 Had he a Mercer, not a Silk-Man been,
 And trusted much in Hopes, great Gain to win;
 And late or early striv'd to get or save,
 His Grey-head long e'er now had been in the Grave;
 Or had he been a Judge, a Magistrate,
 Or of great Council in Affairs of State;
 Then Days important Business and Night Cares,
 Had long e'er this inter'd his hoary Hairs:

But

But as I writ before, no Cares oppress him,
 Nor ever did Affairs of State molest him.
 Some may object, that they will not believe
 His Age can be so much, for none can give
 Account thereof, Time being past so far,
 And at his Birth there was no Register,
 The Register was ninety seven Years since,
 Given by th' eighth *Henry*, that illustrious Prince;
 The Year fifteen hundred forty wanting twain,
 And the thirteenth Year of that King's Reign:
 So old *PARR* now was almost an old Man,
 Near Sixty, e'er the Register began.
 I've writ as much as Reason can require,
 How Times did pass, how Leases did expire,
 And Gentlemen of the Country did relate
 T' our gracious King, by their Certificate,
 His Age, and how Time with Grey Hairs had crown'd him,
 And so I leave him, older than I found him.

His Grey-head long e'er no more
 Or had he been a Judge, a Magistrate,
 Or of great Council in Affairs of State;
 Then Days important Business and Night Cares
 Had long e'er this inter'd his hoary Hairs: